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Perrysburg Journal.

For the Journal.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY ELEANOR.

I am sitting alone, to-night, Mother, and dreaming
of other days,
And memory's music is welling up in soothing yet
sorrowful lays.
I feel thy breath touching my cheek again, thy warm
lips upon my brow,
I know thou hast loved me as no other has, as no
other loves me now.
Like the low, sweet tones of an angel's voice,
through the shadowy lapse of years,
The memory of thy love returns amid life's waste
of sorrow and tears.

I am sitting alone, to-night, Mother, at war with a
murmuring soul,
With a spirit-rebelling I may not crush, a longing
I may not control—
A longing for something worthier to fill the heart's
unsatisfied void,
A friendship that time nor misfortune might chill,
unchanged and unalloyed—
A friendship that twining among the flowers of the
blithe heart's summer-light,
Would closer cling to the withered stalk on Adversity's
winter night.

I am sitting alone, to-night, Mother, alone in a
stranger land;
And wondering if I am missed at home from the
little household band—
If a cheek would burn with a rosier hue, or an eye
with deeper light—
If a heart would beat with a happier throb—could
I be with you to-night!
What a weary age since any have deigned a smile
or a welcome to give,
And my heart has grown dreary and cheerless and
cold as a chilly December eve.

Cedar Cottage, May 1862.

Selected Story.

FIVE MINUTES WORK.

"HERE, Lizzie, I wish you would put a few stitches into my coat—it's getting too shabby."

"It is so, Frank; but really, I think you had better take it to the tailor."

"Take it to the tailor? By George! but that's a huge idea. Why there isn't five minutes work to be done, and the tailor would charge a dollar."

"I suppose he would; but I don't see how I could do it to-day. Walter is fretful, and you know he has kept me awake nearly all night."

"Little imp! it does seem to me there never was so cross a young one."

"O, no, Frank, he's not cross, he's teething."

"Always some excuse. Well you must mend my coat any how."

"I'll try and find time."

"Try! Just let him squall! 'twill do him good—strengthen his lungs."

"Then, you know it's ironing day."

"Well, how many more excuses? I'll put it on, rips and all, if you're going to make such a fuss."

"O no, Frank; I did not mean to make a fuss; but it's a long job, and one that I am not much used to; and with my dinner to get, and baby, and ironing, I do not see how I can get it done. But I'll do my best."

Such was the conversation that passed between a young husband and wife of eighteen months standing.

Frank Barton was what the world calls a real driver. He made any thing that went through his hands inure to his own benefit. Every body liked him because he was so frank, and withal so honest and upright in all his dealings with his customers. He was well educated for a business man; lived in society; and made up his mind that he could support a wife, and according to his reckoning save something to boot. Yes, to be sure he could. There were six dollars a week for board, and a dollar a dozen for washing, and then quarters and dimes innumerable for taking his lady acquaintances to ride, to the theatre to ice cream saloons, balls, operas, etc.

"By George! he exclaimed, as he cast up his yearly account, "that's huge. It's enough to break a fellow. A thousand a year? It wont do. I'll marry and settle down."

So he applied to Lizzy Forsyth, the best and kindest girl among his acquaintances, to help him along in his good resolves, and was soon in possession of that admirable burden "to be supported," a wife.

Lizzie was a good, sensible girl, and was soon tired of boarding. A snug house was rented, and the work of supporting a wife began in earnest. The five rooms cost two hundred a year, and prettily furnished. Lizzie preferred to do her own work, washing and all, and being expert with her needle, now and then found time to make a dollar extra. Then as it was a little lonesome for Frank, he brought home several clerks as day boarders, at four dollars a week. Still with all this he would tell his acquaintances how much less it cost him to live. Now he supported a wife, he never seemed for a moment to realize that she it was who saved all these expense, and that if he had not earned a dollar, her busy hands would have paid the rent, and kept him from starving.

So the matter stood when he asked her to mend his coat. Lizzie drew a deep sigh, after he was gone, and hurried her dishes away as fast as possible.

The coat was of broadcloth, and was his wedding garment; but it was well nigh wearing out, broken under the arms, the cord and lining in rags, the sleeve linings broke loose, buttons wore off—in fine there was nearly, if not quite, a day's work. She sat down to the coat with a hearty good will, determined to do her best. Her needle flew, but every moment it had to be laid down to see to dinner, or hush the baby. The hours wore away, and though she did all she possibly could, the job was still unfinished at sundown. Walter cried incessantly. He looked pale and his eyes were dim; she remembered Frank's words "let him squall," and she did let him cry a half hour or more. O, how it wearied her to hear him cry for his mother. The tears swam in her eyes as she thought of her hard day's work, and of the want of appreciation of her labor. She knew she was making the "old coat look as well as new." But he never would think of the toil she had put upon it. "And what if he don't," she mentally ejaculated, "I shall in my own spirit know all that I have done, and that is enough." She was longing, longing with sickening heart, to have her labor recognized, to hear him now and then speak as if her work was of some avail. "There is not more than five minutes' work, and the tailor would charge me a dollar," kept ringing in her ears.

But Lizzie was strong hearted, as well as loving and dutiful. So she shook off her discontent, put on a smiling face, took up the baby, and sung her prettiest lullaby, carried him round, with his little head on her shoulder, while she filled the teakettle and set the table, now and then setting him in the cradle, and chirping to him, while she did those things which required both of her hands. Thus she worried through supper getting, and with much managing, had all things ready by the time Frank came in with his companions.

"My coat done, Lizzie?"

"No, not quite."

"That's a woman for ye, boys. One half of them would let a husband go out at the elbows a week before they would turn aside from any plan of theirs. All the ironing is completed, I'll be bound. Ain't it so, Lizzie?"

Lizzie was taking her biscuit out of the oven, and the young men did not see the deep flush of pain that passed over her weary features.

"Will you bring in a pitcher of water please," she said pleasantly, not seeming to have heard the question.

"There it is again; when I was a 'batch' I had nothing to do but hand my coat over to a tailor, pay him a dollar, and it was done in a jiffy and no grumbling. No water to fetch when a fellow is tired either."

Lizzie was tired, sad and nervous: want of sleep, and the exhaustion incident to nursing her beautiful boy—now so near sick—the hurrying to get time for the mending, not to speak of the disappointment of putting aside all her own plans, thus throwing her baking and ironing into one day, for both must be done on the morrow, or the clothes would mildew, and they do without bread—all this was too much. Lizzie could not endure his badinage, though half playful, for she knew and knew well, that if some such thoughts were not in his mind, they would not have found their way to his lips.

She hastily set the biscuits upon the table, and saying simply, "supper is ready," stepped into the bedroom and burst into tears. You may call her foolish, I do not. You might as well ask the withered leaves not to fall, when the Autumn gale sweeps through them; as well ask the flowers not to suffer the morning dews to exhale in the sunshine, as to ask a tender, loving, sensitive wife to withhold her tears, when she knows she is wronged—she may look cheerful—an hour after bright as the sky when the cloud has passed, but she must feel; and it is only when her beautiful nature is destroyed, when as is often the case the very traits of character which won a husband's love in the beginning are obliterated; when love turns to hate, that she can from him bear the slight or exaction with unmoved indifference.

Lizzie's tears did not flow long; her heart gained its natural relief, and after pretending she was getting Walter to sleep (which she actually did) she she bathed her eyes and came out, washed her dishes, and sat down again to the coat.

Frank sat watching her flying fingers for an hour or two, as he laughed and talked with his friends, thinking to himself that every turn would be the last. At nine o'clock she set the last stitch. New facings had been put in, and new pockets, the holes under the arms neatly patched and darned, new cuffs, new buttons, and new linings all round. As she finished she looked up with still a shade of sadness upon her brow:

"There, Frank, I have mended your coat thoroughly. I guess it will last another year, now."

"Quite a job, wasn't it?—it took longer than I thought," said he deprecatingly.

"How much clear cash have you made to-day, Frank?" asked Lizzie in an earnest tone.

"What do you want to know for?" was his answer.

"For my own satisfaction. Certainly I should feel an interest in all your affairs."

"Well, I think the shop has cleared twenty dollars."

"How much do you count your services worth?"

"Not less than five dollars a day."

"How many hours do you labor?"

"Ten is legal time now-a-days, I don't generally work that many. But what's all these questions for?"

"Because, Frank, we are husband and wife. We expect to live the rest of our lives together, and if there is harmony in our marriage relation there must be justice and right. You call upon me daily to appreciate your labors and remind me of the comfort and support you are giving me, and I feel I can appreciate anything you do. You have earned five dollars to-day. And the shop has cleared twenty. Yet to save you one dollar I have worked ten hours on your coat, and six in getting your breakfast, dinner and supper, and making your home pleasant and comfortable. To save you that dollar I have had to hurry all day, to put my work out of line, and to really neglect our darling boy, who should be our first care, and the last thing that should under any circumstances be set aside. I know you had thought nothing about all this, Frank; so I shall freely forgive you, but must insist that hereafter I must be my own judge of what work I had best do, and shall not expect to be threatened, nor hear myself accused of not being willing to do my duty."

Frank felt the force of her words and sat silent.

"One thing more, Frank, I want to say while I am about it. I don't want you to talk about supporting your wife. I will not be supported while I am able to support myself. I find, on looking over our books, that the profits of my labor amount to five dollars a week, and the board of yourself and the baby besides. Then I do all your extra work and my own. All this saving has gone into your capital to be invested, and to help you make your twenty dollars a day. Out of this comes the five dollars you call the worth of your day's labor while I must work with really weary limbs and aching head and eyes, to save a dollar in the mending of an old coat, which when done would not sell for the amount of your ten hours' work."

"You make out a pretty strong case against me, Lizzie."

"No, Frank, not a case against you; I could not do that; but I am stating facts. One thing more. I have been at work three hours since supper while you have been idle, not even rocking the cradle, which I have been obliged to do a half a dozen times."

"Lizzie don't say another word, and I'll never do so again," cried Frank, springing from his chair, to jog the cradle where the sweet boy was nestling; "you shalt never mend another coat."

"Yes, but I will," answered Lizzie advancing to the cradle, "only don't tell me ten hours work can be done in five minutes, nor ask me to let the baby 'squall' again."

She lifted Walter from the cradle. They stooped to kiss his fair, rosy cheek, but made a mistake and kissed each other, while Frank whispered—

"God bless you, Lizzie; I never thought of all this before. I won't do it again."

Six years have gone by, and Frank has kept his word.

Contrast Between Freedom and slavery.

Massachusetts and South Carolina may fairly be taken as the types between the inhabitants of the Free and the Slave States. To exemplify the difference we present the following contrast as developed by the census returns of 1850, those of 1860 not having been published, owing to some unaccountable delay.

In Massachusetts, the number of males between the age of 15 and 20 were ascertained to amount to 322,842; and in South Carolina, to 62,302 souls. This is the military power of each State.

The increase in the population in Massachusetts, from 1800 to 1810, was k1,63 per cent.; and in South Carolina the white population increased 9-14 per cent. From 1810 to 1828 the increases in Massachusetts was 1[illegible]-60 per cent.; and in South Carolina 10-85 per cent. From 1810 to 1830, the increase in Massachusetts was 16-63 per cent.; and in South Carolina, 8-06 per cent. From 1830 to 1840, the population in Massachusetts increased 20-82 per cent.; and in South Carolina, 0-47 per cent. From 1840 to 1850, the increase in Massachusetts was 35-17 per cent.; and in South Corlina, 5-97 per cent. In South Carolina in 1850 there were 5,897 white adult males, who could neither read nor write, and 9,937 white adult females.—*Toledo Comercial.*

BROWNLOW IN NEW YORK.

Reception on the 15th Instant.

The Sufferings of Union Men.

[From the New York Tribune of May 16th.]

Seldom has more triumphant welcome been vouchsafed to warrior or statesman than was given last evening by the city en masse, or at last as much of it as could be compressed within the walls of the Academy of Music, to the sturdy and much-suffering lover of the Union—Parson Brownlow. Long before the hour of commencement the aisles and lobbies were crowded and the stage was covered with leading citizens. An excellent band allayed to the impatience and excited the enthusiasm of the vast audience.

Parson Brownlow was conductad on the stage by Mr. Chas. T. Rodgers, the President of the Young Men's Republican Union under whose auspices the reception was given. As he came forward the house was all alive with the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and the universal acclaim.

Mr. Rodgers said: Ladies and gentlemed. the Young Men's Republicn Union in announcing the presentation of Mr. Brownlow, announced that the Governor of the State would preside upon the occasion. That announcement was made upon a promise from his Excellency that he would do so if not prevented by official business. That business has intervened. [Mr. Rogers then read a letter from Gov. Morgan, expressing regret that important business prevented his attendance, &c.,and announced that Hon. Mr. Everts would preside in the, Governors absence.]

MR. EVARTS, on taking the chair, said that he shared with all the great disapointment at the absence of the Governor of the State. But we might well pardon the loss of his dignity to the eclet of the occasion, when we knew that his absence was due to that necessity which at this time envolved all who were invested with public trust. He was proud to do all he could to testify his appreciation of the heroism of Mr. Brownlow. As we should proceed in the great duties first of subduing the rebellion, and then of re-instituting in its strength the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it is, we might be sure that these Union men of Tennessee, and their compatroits in the mountains of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, would aid us. With their aid we should hold the center as well as the rim of the rebellion. Upon them as a basis, we could reinstate the dominion of the Government all over the land. He would no longer stand between them and the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, whom he now had the pleasure of introducing. [Loud and long continued and repeated applause.]

SPEECH OF PARSON BROWNLOW.

Parson Brownlow said: I take occasion in advance of anything and all I may say, to apprise you of what you will all have discovered before I take my seat, that is to say that in my public adresses, no matter whatever my theme may be, I do not present it to an audience with an eloquence that charms, or with that beauty of diction which captivates and fascinates an assemblage. This I may be allowed to say that I most sincerely regret, because there is no power on earth, there is no power so great, of such influence upon the human mind, as the power of oratory, finished and highly wrought. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears. Cicero by captivating their affection, &c. The one perished with its author, the other has continued throughout all time, and with public speakers will continue to the end of time. But there is one thing I am confident of this evening, and that is that I address an appreciative audience, an assemblage who have congregated on this occasion to hear some facts in reference to the great rebellion of the South, the gigantic conspiracy of the Nineteenth Century, and I shall therefore look more to what I say than to the manner of saying that thing. [Cheers.] More, if you please, to the subject matter of what I shall say than to any studied effort at displaying the beauty or force of language. I will be allowed an additional remark or two, personal in their nature to myself. For the last thirty-five years of my somewhat eventful life, I have been accustomed to speak in public upon all subjects afloat in the land, or I have never been neutral on any subject that ever come up in that time [applause], independent in all things and under all circumstances. I have never been neutral, but I have always taken a hand in what was abroad or afloat. About three years ago my voice entirely failed from a stubborn attack of bronchitis, and for two years of that time I was unable to speak above a whis. During that period I made a pilgrimage to New York, and had an operation performed upon my throat, and was greatly benefitted. When I went home my physicans impressed it upon me that I must try my voice occasionally at a public meeting or a camp-meeting, or if I could do no better, go into the woods and declaim among the stumps and logs. Instead of doing so I frequently addressed a temperance meeting, on the subject of total abstinence; you all know that is a good cause. At other times, I tried to deliver short sermons, as a regularly-ordained minister. That is a good cause, too but that all failed. But, as soon as I opened my batteries in Pike's Opera House in Cincinnati against this infinitely infernal rebellion, I found myself able to speak and be heard a half a mile. [Loud cheers.] I attribute the partial restoration of my voice to the goodness and glory of the Godlike cause in which I profess to be engaged. [Cheers—"That's so',] We are, ladies and gentlemen, in the midst of a rebellion, and a most infernal one, as you all know it is. I shall in my remarks here this evening advance no sentiment, no idvanced and employed time and again at home, away down in Dixie. [Cheers,] I should despise myself, and merit the scorn and contempt of every lady and gentleman, if I were to come here with one set of opinions for the North, and have another set for the South when I am there. I will utter no denunciations of the infamous and corrupt men at the South in this Rebellion that I would not utter on the street where I reside. [Cheers.] I therefore say to you to in the outset of the remarks I propose to make, what I have time and again said through the columns of the most widely circulated paper they had in the South-West, a paper, by the way, which they crushed out on the 25th day of October last, the last Union journal remaining, and to this hour the last and only religious journal in the eleven Seceded States. [Cheers.] I tell you, as I have said at home time are again, that the people of the South, the demagogues and the leaders of the South, and to blame for having brought about this state of things, and not the people of the North. [Cheers.] We have intended down South for thirty years to break up this Government. It has been our settled purpose and sole aim down South to destroy the Union, and to break up the Government. We have had the Presidency in the South twice to your once, and five of our men were re-elected to the Presidency, filling a period of forty years. In additios to that, we had divers men elected for one term, and no man at the North ever was premitted to serve out more than one term. And in addition to that we seized upon and appointed two or three miscreants from the North that were elected, and we plowed with them as our heifers. [Loud applause]. We asked of you and obtained at your hands a Fugitive Slave law. You voted for and helped to establish it. We asked of you and obtained a repeal of the Missouri Compromise Line, which never ought to have been repealed, and which I fought against.—[Cheers]. I fought it to a bitter end and denounced it and all concerned in repealing it, and repeat it here again to-night.—We asked and obtained the admission of Texas into the Union that we might have slave territory enough to make four or five more Slave States, and you granted it, and you granted all that we desired, and hence I repeat that this wicked Secession has been brought about without the shadow of a cause. It is the work of the worst men that God ever permitted to live on the the face of this earth. [Cheers.] It is the work of a set of men down South, who, in winding up this rebellion if our Administration fail to hang every one of them as high as Haman, they will make an utter failure. [Applause.] I have confidence myself, I thank God, I have always had faith and confidence in the Government crushing out this rebellion. We have the men at the head of affairs who will do it, and that great, that gallant and glorious McClellan [loud and continued applause and three cheers], a man in whose ability and integrity I have all the time had confidence and prephesied he would come out right side up. [Cheers.] My own distracted and oppressed section of country, East Tennessee, by a new arrangement is in the military district of that hero Fremont. [Loud and continued applause and three cheers]. We rejoiced in East Tennessee when we heard we had fallen into his division. Though I differ with him and always have in politics, in the war, he is my sort of man. He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn [Loud cheering]. When he gets ready to go down into East Tennessee, I hope he will let me know it; I want to go with him, side by side, on a fine horse, with epauletted, and a cocked hat, and a sword [cheers]; and our friend Briggs of New-York, a former Member of Congress, if he is on the platform, has promised me a large coil of rope. I want to go and show the Union army the men who ought to be hung, and I want the pleasure of tying the rope around their necks. [Appause.] I remarked that I had confidence in our Government and army ulimately crushing out the rebellion. We have had just a few experiments in this thing of crushing out rebellion: one in Massachusetts, one in Pennsylvania, and one in South Carolina, where Old Hickory, who was at the helm, crushed that out. And if my prayers and tears could have resurrected the old man (though I never supported him when alive), and placed him in the chair disgraced by that mockery of a man from Wheatland, we would have had this rebellion crushed long ago. For old Jackson was a true patriot and lover of his country, and when Floyd commenced treason and stealing muskets, had Old Hickory been President, rising about 10 feet in his boots, and, taking Floyd by the collar, he would have swore by the God that made Moses this thing must be stopped. [Cheers, great laughter and applause.] And when Andrew Jackson swore that a thing, it had to be stop. More recently still, we had a rebellion in Rhode Island, which was put down very properly and promptly. But the great conspiracy of the 19th century and the great rebellion is now on hand. I believe that Lincoln, with us, the people, to back him, will crush it out. [Cheers.] It will be done! [Applause.] And having done that thing, gentleman and ladies, and if you will give us a few weeks to rest and recruit, and England and France wish is, we can lick them both. [Cheers.] And I am not certain that we won't have to do it. Particularly, Old England has been playing a double game, a two-faced game, and by her Dr. Russell, when he was here, was well represented, for he carried water on both shoulders. I don't like the tone of her journals, and when this war closes out we shall have four or five hundred thousand well-drilled, hardened officers and men, and then we are ready for the rest of the world and the balance of mankind.—[Cheers.] When this Rebellion opened, something like twelve months ago, I saw, as you all saw, and as every reading and observing man saw, where we were driving to, and what would be the result in a very short time. At a very early period I took sides with the Union and the Stars and Stripes—how could I do otherwise? I had traveled a circuti in South Carolina in 1832, and published a pamphet there against Secession, and they threatened to hang me for it then. I have been a Union man all my life time, never a sectional man. I had the honor of being one of a corporal's guard who got up a ticket for John Quincy Adams against Andrew Jackson. [Applause.] In the next contest I was for Clay. [Loud cheering.] Aye, gentlemen, you cheer the name of Clay. I propose to you when this rebellion is over that we shall have a National Convention, and I will put in nomination for the Presidency the last suit of clothes that Clay wore before his death. [Cheers.] When the rebellion fairly opened and was under way in Tennessee, they saw the course my paper was taking and they approached me, as they did every other Union editor in the country, with money. They knew I was poor, and they supposed the same influences would win me over as had all the other Union editors in the South, for they have bought up the last devil of them. I told them, as one of old, let thy money perish with thee. I pursued the even tenor of my way, until a stream of Secession fire, as red and as hot as hell itself, commenced pouring along the great artery, the railroad, to Manassas.—Then they had to stop over at Knoxville, and come ever and groan at me, bringing ropes in their hands, and calling for the d—d old traitor Brownlow to come out and they'd hang him. Sometimes I appeared in front of my portico and addressed them. Said I, men, what do you want of me? for I was very select in my words; I took particular care never to say gentlemen.—[Cheers.] They said, we want a speech from you, and we want you to come out for the Southern Confederacy. Said I, I have no speech for you; you have known my sentiments and I know yours; I am utterly and irreconcileably opposed to this rebellion; you are going on to kill Yankees in search of your rights, that you will get your rights. This was repeated until they took my office to repair the muskets in that Floyd had stolen. They finally enacted a law in Tennessee authorizing an armed force to take all the arms, guns, pistols, swords, dirks, bowieknives, and all that from the Union men. They visited the house of every Union man in the State, and mine several times, where they got a couple of guns and a pistol. Being a Doctor of Divinity myself, I was not largely provided, and had the balance under my clothes, concealed. [Cheers.] After stealing the corn and cattle, going into the house and examining everything and seizing all the blankets for the use of the army, and jewelry, and everything of that sort, our Union people rose up in rebellion, unarmed as they were and one night, by accident—I know it was—precisely at 11 o'clock at night, from Chattanooga up along 300 miles of the railroad, all the bridges were burned. That purely accidental. I had really gone out on horseback, as they had suppressed my paper, to collect from Sheriffs and Clerks of the counties some fees that were owing me, and they, being Union men, were glad to pay. But they swore that I was the the bell-weather and ringleader, and must have had a hand in it. They wanted a pertext for imprisoning me. They had filled every jail along the railroad, and finally, on the 6th of September, they seized me and put me in a damp, uncomfortable, desperate jail, where I found 150 Union men. And there was no piece of furniture there except a dirty old wooden bucket and a pair of tin dippers to drink with. The first men and the best of the country were there. They rallied around me, glad to see me; I could give them the news. Some took me by the hand, and were utterly speechless, the tears running down their cheeks. They pointed to the gratings, and said we never thought we should come to this. Said I: "Cheer up boys; be of good courage. You are not here for steeling or manslaughter, but because you adhere to the flag and Constitution of your country. [Cheers.] I am here with you for no other offense, and as God is my judge, boys, I look upon this 6th day of December, 1861, as the proudest day of my life. [Cheers.] Here I intend to stay till I die with old age or disease, or until they hang me. I never will renounce my principles." [Cheers.] Their officers had been accustomed to visit the jail every day, and to offer them liberty by proposing to them if they would volunteer to release and protect them. They were accustomed to volunteer half dozen at a time. But after I got into the jail, for three months, all this volunteering ceased. [Applause.]

One of the Brigadier-Generals, son of an ex-Governor of that State, paid a special visit to me. He came in bowing and scraping, dressed within an inch of his drunken life. Said he, "Brownlow, you ought not to be here." Said I, "I think so, too. But your authorities think so, and have put me here." "Now," said he, "I have come to tell you if you will take the oath of allegiance we will turn you out instantly, and guarantee your safety and security." Raising up several feet in my boots, and having my Irish roused, I looked him full in the face. "Why, Sir," said I, "I intend to rot here till I die with disease or old age, before I take the oath. I deny that you have any government other than a big mob. You have never been recognized by any civilized power on God's earth, and you never will be." [Cheers.] "And Sir," said I "preacher as I am, I will see the Southern Confederacy, and you and I on top of it, in the internal regions, before I will take the oath." [Cheers.] "Well sir," said he, "that's d—d plain talk." "Yes, Sir," said I, "and that's the way to talk in revolutionary times. [Cheers.] Things went on tightening up. Many of us took sick; we had to lie on that miserable floor—not room enough for all to lie down at once. Think of it, in December and January!—standing by each other. You lie down and warm the door, and then I will. That is the way we managed until many of our men died from typhoid fever and pneumonia and various other deseases. I shall never forget, while my head is above ground, some scenes I passed through in that jail. I recollect two Baptist clergyman sick unto death, very low with fever, unable to eat a morsel of the miserable food supplied by the Marshal of Jeff. Davis, a man I had published as a scoundrel again and again, but a suitable representative of Secession. They allowed my son to bring me three meals a day, and my wife put in enough for these two Baptist clergymen. One of them was there because he prayed for the President of the United States, and the other for throwing up his hat at a company of Union Volunteers. Every time the basket of food came in the jailer looked between the pie and the plate to see that there was not some communication passed.

One old Union man had three sons there. One of them—James Madison Cade—was very sick; his wife came to him, bringing a child five weeks old; she had five in all. They refused to let her in. I besought them, and they did finally for fifteen minutes. When she saw her husband lying on a piece of carpet, with an overcoat over him, she would have dropped her babe in astonishment and terror if I had not caught it. She sunk down upon his breast; he could not raise his hands. Neither spoke a word. I stood by and held the baby until the time was out, and the officer insultingly came in and told her it was up. This was the case, gentlemen, all over East Tennessee. And allow me to announce to you, one and all, that this is the spirit of secesssion in the South. It is the spirit of murder, the spirit of hell, and yet you have men in the North who sympathize with them in fearful numbers. [Cheering.] If I owed a debt to be discharged to the most revolting and God-forsaken wretch that could be bulled from the ranks of society, and I wanted to pay that debt and get rid of it, I would make a tender to his Satanic Majesty of twelve Northern men sympathizing with secession. [Tremendous applause.] If I am severe and bitter in my denunciation—["No, no, not a bit."] Well, if I am, you must consider that we in the South make it a personal matter. [Cheers.] No Northern man ought to be tolerated in walking Broadway who has any sympathy with secession.—[Cheers.] They would either be for or against the mill dam, and I would make them show their hands. [Applause.] Why, gentlemen, after the battle of Manassas, they passed through our town on furlough, officers and privates, going down into Dixie, exulting, and brought with them divers what they called Yankee heads—the entire heads of Union troops, some of them with long beard, and they would take them by the head, and shake them out of the window and say, "A d—d Yankee's head!" This is the spirit of secession—the spirit of the vile untutored savages of hell, and he who apologizes for them is no better than he who is the perpetrator of the crime. [Cheers.] In Andy Johnson's town, [Three cheers for Johnson] they had the jail full; they took his house for a hospital, and drove out his family, his wife in the last stages of consumption. She was obliged to take refuge in an adjoining county, and Johnson has a devil in her as big as a pitcher; and whenever the Union army goes out there we will shoot and hang them like dogs. I have no other ambition than to start the Knoxville *Whig* again, get 100,000 subscribers, and "'spress my 'pinion ob some 'em," as the negroes down South say. Parson Brownlow continued to give some of the terrible stories of the hanging of Union men under the most aggravating circumstances and with fiendish atrocities. The story of the hanging of Frye, and his comrade by the wretch Leadbetter, so near the cars that the chivalry as they passed could strike their bodies with canes and rattans was one. In his own county they had tied men to logs, and whipped the flesh off their backs with hickory splits. They used to come into the jail and take out men to hang them. One day they took a man aged 65, and his son 25, and made the old man look on and see his son hung, after which they hung him to the same gallows. He told also the story of J. C. Haun, to whom a Union clergyman was denied, and who was obliged to deny the confession that the Secession chaplain made for him. This was the spirit of secession all over the South.—Could anybody apologize for such a murderous and bloodthirsty set of men as the secessionists. They shot our men; they whipped them, and they actually whipped their wives. A more deserted people never lived on the face of God's earth than the Union Men of East Tennessee. With tears in their eyes they begged him to sue the President and the army officers to have them relieved. He was happy to know that the rebellion would soon be played out. Richmond must fall soon. That able fellow, McClellan, will soon be there. He had confidence in Fremont, and hoped he would soon be in East Tennessee. If Buell and Halleck would but take care of the Rebels about Corinth and Memphis, the dog was dead. Then let us drive them down into the Gulf of Mexico, as the devils did the hogs. [Loud laughter and applause.] Mr. Brownlow concluded by a humorous account of his last interview with Yancey. He said he had been sick all day in bed, and could not speak longer; but he never traveled without a deacon and exhorter, a better speaker than he was or ever would be—Gen. Samuel F. Carey of Cincinnati—who was sound on all the issues. [Loud and long continued applause.]

Mr. Evarts presented a list of subscribers obtained by Messrs. Luddington & Co. in this city for the Knoxville *Whig*. He hoped it would be increased tenfold

Gen. Carey commenced by an eloquent eulogy on Parson Brownlow and the Union men of East Tennessee. He believed that slavery was the occasion rather than the cause of the rebellion, that the cause was hatred of popular institutions. He went in favor of letting slavery alone, except where it came in the way of the Union. Let it take care of itself, but if it or anything else should get in the way of the Union, then it must go. More than 50,000 of our brave men had perished in this war, and not a single rebel had been shot or hung yet. If any men in the South could not become Union men they must be exterminated.

The meeting closed at a very late hour.

Scenes in Williamsburg—Horrible Barbarity of the Rebel Surgeons—The Sufferings of the Rebel Wounded—Works About Williamsburg—How the Secesh Talk—Famine.

MR. RAYMOND writes to the New York Times from Williamsburg:

On Tuesday morning a flag of truce came in, covering Dr. Cullen, the Medical Director of Longstreet's Division of Southern troops, who brought with him fitten Southern Surgeons to attend to their wounded. Dr. Cullen started out at once to get passes for his Surgeons, but did not return for some hours; meantime the Surgeons strolling about town without passes, and being unable to substantiate their own account of themselves, they all found themselves, before noon, in the guard-house, from which their head officers lacked either the address or disposition to get them released until the next day. Nor did they appear, even when they did get to work, to enter upon it with any heart or zeal. I dropped into the large church during the day, which was nearly filled with rebel wounded, upon whom several of our Surgeons were in constant and active attendance.

Three of the rebel surgeons were sitting all the time in the gallery, holding an animated but very leisurely conversation, and paying not the slightest attention to the business which was supposed to have brought them there. One of the Mississippi men, with whom I talked, spoke in the highest terms of the kindness he had experienced at the hands of the Union surgeons, and said it was very different from what they had been taught to expect. I asked him if any of their own surgeons had been to see him. He said one had walked in the day before and looked at him, but had done nothing for him; indeed, he said, they were only looking for Southern officers! Of the men they took very little notice, leaving them to the care of the Northern surgeons, who made, I was glad to see, no such distinction. Wherever I went and talked with rebel wounded, I heard only one opinion expressed on this subject. They all spoke in the most emphatic and unequivocal praise of the conduct of all our men, soldiers and surgeons, toward them, dwelling particularly upon the fact that they had been taught to expect very different treatment at our hands.

But they were all very sadly neglected for a long time after the battle. Dr. F. H. Getchell, Assistant Surgeon of the Third Maine Regiment, told me that when he went into the small Baptist Church, in passing on Tuesday morning, he found eight rebel soldiers who had died of their wounds. The next morning he called again and found their dead bodies still lying there unburied and undisturbed. Very many of the wounded had been placed in, or had crawled into cellars, barns and outhouses, and were not discovered for a day or two. There they lay for twelve, twenty-four, and some of them thirty-six hours, without a morsel to eat or a swallow of water to drink! Dr. Getchell mentioned the case of the Captain of a North Carolina regiment, who lay on the field where he fell in the woods, from Monday until Thursday morning, with a severe wound through the body, and without anything to eat or drink during all that time. He was then found and brought in, and Dr. Getchell said that in a very few hours he began to revive, and was then doing well. Scores and hundreds were thus left a long time on the field undiscovered, and, of course uncared for.

As a general thing, the wounds inflicted upon the Southern troops were much more severe than those sustained by our men. This was owing, probably, to the fact that our side used Minie bullets mainly, which inflict much more terrible wounds than the round balls fired by the Southern troops.

Nearly all the wounded with whom I conversed in hospital seemed to regret their connection with the war, and many did not hesitate to say they could have borne their wounds better if received in a better cause. Several from Mississippi said they had been served right for coming so far to fight their own brethren; and others, from Maryland and Western Virginia, expressed the greatest possible contempt and indignation toward the South Carolina troops, whose habit it was, they said, to do all the bragging and shirk all the fighting. In not a single instance, they said, had a South Carolina regiment ever borne the brunt of a battle; they always took good care to get some other regiment in advance of them. These men said they were tired of fighting the battles of such a State. The war had ruined Virginia, and they had had quite enough of it.

The citizens of Williamsburg are intense and open in their proclamation of Secessionism. The place is a famous nest of decayed descendants of the "First Families," whose main patrimony is pride, and whose leading passion is hatred of any man among them who rises by his own merit and industry. This they consider a vulgar, Yankee habit, and they make war upon it with all the rancor of a baseless aristocracy and sentiment that grows sour and malignant as it grows old and incapable of making its hatred effective. This is the seat of William and Mary College, where Professor Beverley Tucker instilled State Rights-ism into the minds of the Southern youth, and where, ten years ago, he wrote the Partisan Leader, as a manual and programme for the treasonable conspiracy which was even then maturing in the Southern mind. The whole tone of the place is false, un-American and anti-Republican, and it is not at all surprising that it should have been a hotbed of Secession.

The ladies of the place are especially and intensely vehement in their avowal of Secession sentiment. One, a widow, whose husband used to trade largely in New York, and who told me that for years she wore no dresses but those that came from Stewart's—after having her house crowded for days with rebel officers and soldiers, who spent the day (as one of the servants told me) in "cussing and swearing" at the men—was greatly horrified to hear profane language upon the lips of Union troops, and applied to have the guard doubled, to prevent the soldiers from dropping into the kitchen and interrupting her servants at their work! For the first day or two none of the ladies in town would go to the hospitals to look after their own wounded, pretending that they were afraid to go into the streets among the Northern soldiers; and when they were finally given to understand that they must give some care to these wounded men, some half-dozen of them marched into the hospitals with secession badges on their breast! I believe they became gradually tamed down under the vigorous and energetic let-alone policy which our troops, by common consent, adopted toward them, and yesterday I saw quite a number of them parading the streets very much as if nothing unusual were going on. I have detected not a few, moreover, from a half open window blind, holding furtive conversations with the Yankee sentry at the door—for the moment our army entered the town, a guard was placed at every door, and no person was permitted to enter without express permission of the occupant. It is not easy to say to what these stolen interviews may eventually lead. One thing is very clear—the "best blood of Virginia" is quite capable of still further improvement.

There is one point I desire to impress upon the people of the North. The inhabitants of this part of the Peninsula are on the verge of starvation. The Southern soldiers had absolutely swept them bare of everything, and now the National troops come to gather up the gleanings. Their corn, their cattle, everything they had for themselves and for their slaves has been consumed; they have no crops for the coming season and their condition is truly deplorable. It would be a great boon to them if trade could be speedily opened between them and the North.

The Pension Bill.

THE following is the Pension Bill as it passed the House on Thesday last:

It provides that officers and men of all grades, in the army and navy and other branches of the service, who have been, since the 4th of March, 1861, or shall hereafter be disabled by reason of wounds or disease contracted in the line duty, shall be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners. Colonels and all others of higher rank are to receive a pension of $30 per month; Majors, $25; Captains, $21; First Lieutenants, $16; Second Lieutenants, $15; non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, $8, In the naval service, Captains, Commanders, Lieutenants Commanding and Masters Commanding, $20 per month; Lieutenants, Chief Engineers, Surgeons, and Passed Assistant Surgeons, $25; Professors of Mathematics, Assistant Surgeons, Paymasters and Master, $20; First Assistant Engineers, Pilots and Assistant Paymasters, $15; Teachers, Schoolmasters, Passed Midshipmen, Captains' and Paymasters' Clerks, Second and Third Assistant Engineers, Masters' Mates and warrant officers, $10; all petty officers, $8. All commissioned officers of either service shall receive only such pension as is thus provided for. If any officer or other person not named in the first section has died since the 4th of March, 1861, or shall hereafter die by reason of any wound or disease, &c., his widow or his children under eighteen years of age, shall be entitled to the pension, which is to continue to the widow during her widowhood, or to her children until they severally attain the age of eighteen years, and no longer.

Where any officer or other person namey, shall have died subsequently to the 4th of March, 1861, or shall hereafter die, and has not left or shall not leave a widow or legitimate child, but leaves a mother who was dependent upon him for support, in whole or in part, the mother shall be entitled to receive the pension, prvided the pension given to the mother on account her son shall terminate on her marriage; and provided, that where an officer or other person has not left or shall not leave a widow, nor ligimate child, nor mother, but has left or may leave an orphant sister or sisters; under eighteen years of age; who were dependent on him for support, in whole or in part, they shall receive the pension to continue until they shall severally arrive at the age of eighteen and no longer. The widow of any volunteer who shall hereafter be killed or die of wounds or disease contracted while in the military service during the present rebellion, and before receiving the bounty herein provided for, and if no widow, the minor children, if there be any, and if there be no minor children, then the mother, then the father of such deceased soldier, shall receive in adition to all arrears of pay and allowances for bounty of one hundred dollars, and no money shall be paid to such, or to any heirs of any deceased soldier on account of bounty, back pay or pension, who have been in any way engaged in, or who have aided or abetted the existing rebellion in the United States; but the right of such disloyal heir or heirs of such soldier, shall he vested in the loyal heirs of the deceased, if any there be in the order named. A special agent is to be oppointed to detect and prosecute frauds against the pension law.

THE Factory Statistics of Great Britain and Ireland for 1861 show a total af 6,378 factories, which contain 36,450,000 spindles and 490,866 power looms, which engaged 230,564 hand-loom weavers. The number of hands employed was 775,534, whereof, 308,273 were males and 467,261 females, an average of 121 hands to each description of factory. In England and Wales there were 5,652 factories, the whole number of hands engaged being 642,607. Ireland had 158 factories, which gave employment to 37,872 persons. Scotland reckoned about one tenth tne number of England's factories. Lancashire alone contains one third of the factories, two thirds of the spindles, and three fourths of the power looms of the United Kingdom; her factories, for every sort of textile production, numbering 2,144; her spindles, 22,067,703; and her power looms, 363,531.